1,000 ice pantomime tickets to be won! See inside!

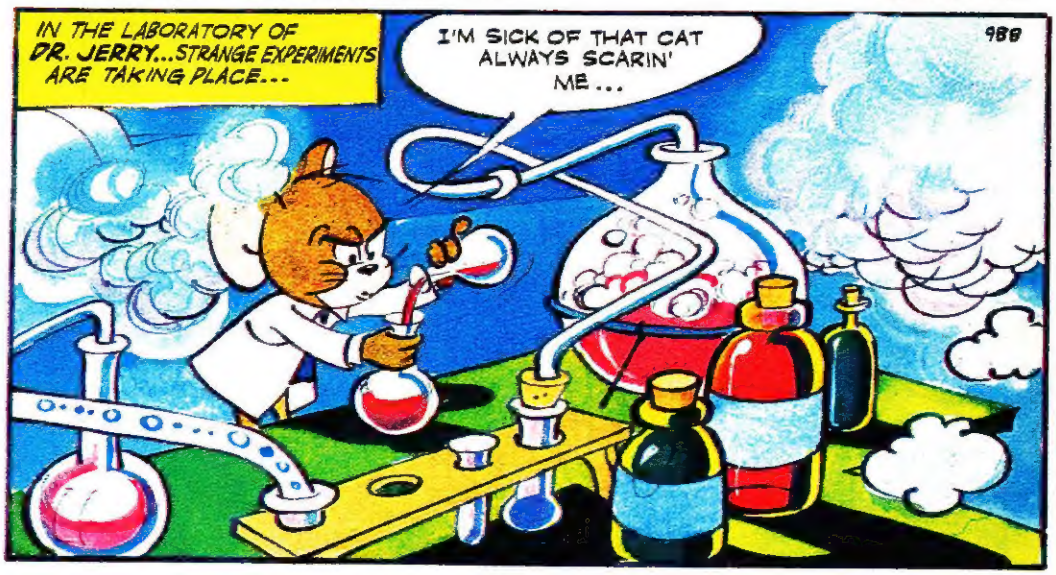
TV COMIC

9d

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 21st November, 1970 | Number 988

TOM and JERRY



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Tremble on to page two!

A LITTLE LATER...
EH?... WHA' WHAZZAT!
RAWGH!
TOM
SKREECH!
NGRAARG!
I WANT MY MUMMY!
SMASH
ZOOMM!
LATER...
BAH! IT'S TOO PEACEFUL WITHOUT THAT CAT AROUND... I GET BORED WHEN THERE'S NOBODY TO PLAY WITH!
TUFFY USUALLY LIKES TO PLAY WITH ME... I'LL SEE IF HE'S IN...
KNOCK! KNOCK
HI, TUFFY!
SKREECH!
B-BUT TUFFY... I CAN EXPLAIN... I-IT'S ONLY A JOKE...
SAY
BAH! EVERYONE'S FRIGHTENED OF ME... I HAVEN'T A FRIEND IN THE WORLD!
EEK!
EEK
BUT JUST THEN...
WOW! THE POTION... IT MUST BE WEARING OFF!
SO IT WAS YOU ALL THE TIME, EH? I'LL TEACH YOU TO FRIGHTEN THE FUR OFF ME!
TE! HE! IT'S GREAT TO HAVE SOMEONE TO PLAY WITH AGAIN... EVEN IF I DO GET A GOOD HYDING AT THE END OF IT! HE! HE!
Bratcombe.

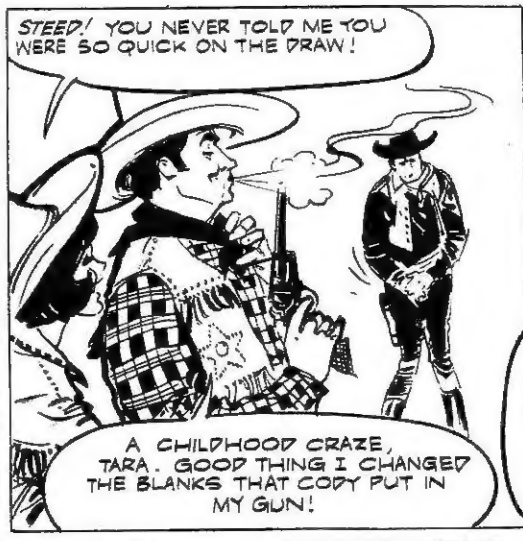
Next week, a cat shaped bone for a dog shaped dog!

TV Terrors
CHEER UP, HOPPIT! YOU'LL MAKE EVERYBODY MISERABLE WITH A FACE LIKE THAT!
I CAN'T HELP IT, SIR! IT'S THE TERRORS - THEY'D MAKE ANYONE GLUM!
SORRY, HOPPIT! I CAN'T TAKE THAT AS AN EXCUSE! YOU'D BETTER CHEER UP BEFORE I SEE YOU AGAIN!
SO...
FORCED SMILE!
COO! LOOK AT HOPPIT! HE MUST BE ADVERTISING SOME TOOTHPASTE!
OR MOUTH ORGANS!
GLOWER!
USE PERLO TOOTH POWDER AND KEEP YOUR TEETH SPARKLING!
TOOTH POWDER
GRR!
GRR! HOP IT! CAN'T YOU LEAVE A GUY ALONE?
YERK!
WHUMP!
AND YOU CAN TAKE THIS TIN WITH YOU! I DON'T WANT IT!
?
WHOOOF!
CLUNK!
COO! THAT WASN'T VERY CLEVER, HOPPIT! YOU'VE DONE IT NOW!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
ITCH!
ITCH!
OOOH! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! OOH!
I CAN'T STAND THE TICKLING! HO! HO! HO!
SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HOPPIT THAT I KEPT MY ITCHING POWDER IN THAT TIN!
HO-HO-HO! HA! HA! HA! OH-HEE-HEE-HEE!
REALLY, HOPPIT! I TOLD YOU TO CHEER UP - BUT THIS IS CARRYING IT TOO FAR!
STAND UP AND STOP THAT SILLY GIGGLING!
MMF! HE! HE! - GNNNF! - YESSIR! - HE! HE! HE! GNNN!
POOR OLD HOPPIT! THE LAUGH'S ON HIM! HA! HA!
IN WE GO, GANG!

Hoppit's on the carpet next week—and it flies!

THE AVENGERS

STEED and Tara are convinced that a western style ranch is the hideout for a gang who have stolen secret plans. Cody, the gang leader calls a showdown when he challenges Steed to a gunfight . . .


STEED! YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU WERE SO QUICK ON THE DRAW!
A CHILDHOOD CRAZE, TARA. GOOD THING I CHANGED THE BLANKS THAT CODY PUT IN MY GUN!

UNDER STEED'S ORDERS, THE HOLIDAYMAKERS QUICKLY SURROUND THE STAGE...
THE GAME'S UP, COWBOYS... AND FOR YOU, PATERVITCH. YOUR SPYING DAYS ARE OVER!

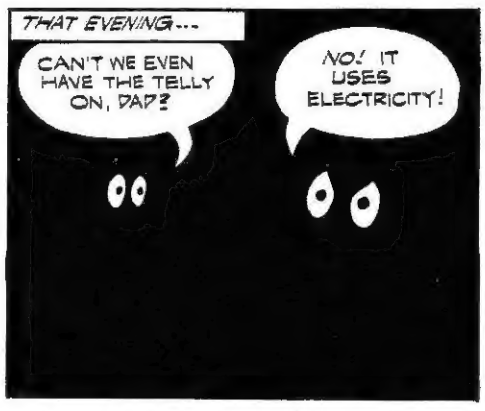
STEED SEARCHES THE COACH...
JUST AS WE THOUGHT... THE PLANS AND PROCEEDS OF ALL THE ROBBERIES... HIDDEN BENEATH A FALSE FLOOR!
THE POLICE HAVE ARRIVED, STEED!

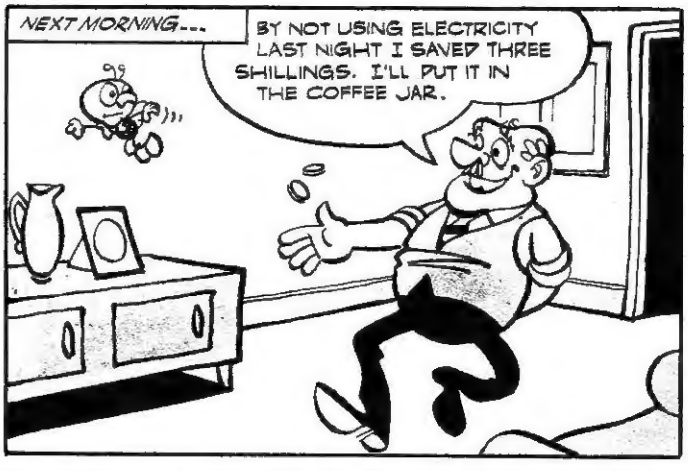
CHANGED INTO THEIR NORMAL CLOTHES, TARA AND STEED PREPARE TO LEAVE...
NOT A BAD HAUL, PARDNER!
STORES
POLICE
NO! LET'S GET BACK TO THE GOOD OLD WEST!

Based on the Thames Television production

Read an exciting new Avengers serial next week.

MIGHTY MOTH





NO I DIDN'T! LOOK! FOOTPRINTS! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A BURGLAR IN HERE!
WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A BURGLAR WHEN I SHOWED HIM WHERE THE MONEY WAS KEPT!

Fits of laughter next week at Dad's keep fit class.

CATWEAZLE

IT is nearly dawn. Catweazle has been sleeping in a wood, and he is very hungry. The roast beef from which he has been promised two slices has been stolen by a fox. But this is the morning of the fox hunt . . .

WHILE THE SORCERER SLEEPS, THE HUNT GATHERS
LOVELY, LORD BRACERITE! WE'LL SCARE HIM ALL RIGHT!
RIGHT, CHAPS, WE KNOW THE FOX'S EARTH... MY FELLOWS ARE GOING TO SCARE HIM OUT...
WE'RE ENOUGH TO SCARE ANYBODY, ...WHAT...?
988

UNFORTUNATELY, CATWEAZLE IS SLEEPING BESIDE THE FOX-HOLE INTO WHICH THE ROAST JOINT HAS DISAPPEARED...
O HECATE! 'TIS THE BAYING OF HOUNDS! NORMANS ARE AFTER ME!
GRUNT!

THE HUNTERS THINK THE HOUNDS ARE FOLLOWING THE SCENT OF THE FOX ... BUT THEY ARE REALLY FOLLOWING THE SCENT OF ROAST BEEF CLINGING TO CATWEAZLE ...
TALLY-HO! HARK FOR'ARD!
BY JOVE! HOW INTERESTIN'!
BARK!
WOOF!

BUT CATWEAZLE IS MISTAKEN... LADY BRACERITE IS DELIGHTED TO SEE HIM...
MY GOOD MAN, WHAT A BRAVE, CLEVER IDEA! YOU HAVE LED THE HOUNDS AWAY FROM THE FOX. I WILL CALL THE MANAGER, AND HE WILL HELP TO GET RID OF THEM...
'TWILL NOT BE DIFFICULT, FINE LADY... ALREADY THEY SMELL THE FOOD IN THE KITCHEN... BUT... I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THEE!

LATER, CATWEAZLE IS AMAZED TO FIND LADY BRACERITE TREATING HIM TO A MAGNIFICENT DINNER...
YOU SEE, I HATE FOX-HUNTING, AND I REALLY MUST REWARD YOU FOR YOUR KIND ACT IN LEADING THEM OFF THE SCENT...
SPIRITS BE PRAISED! I EAT AT LAST! AND EVEN TOAD WILL BE GIVEN HIS 'OWN KIND OF FOOD!

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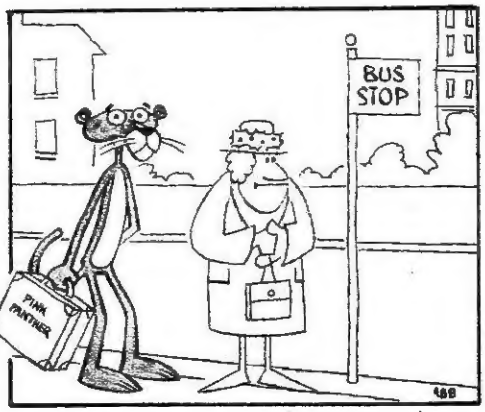
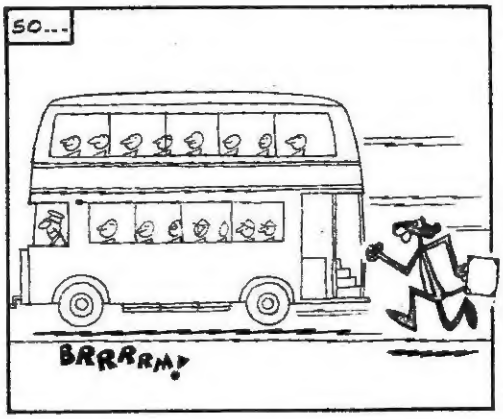
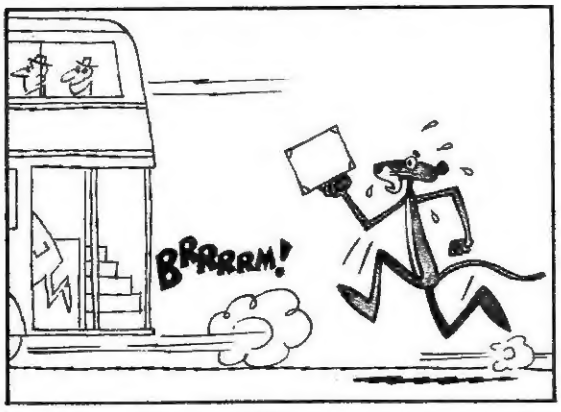
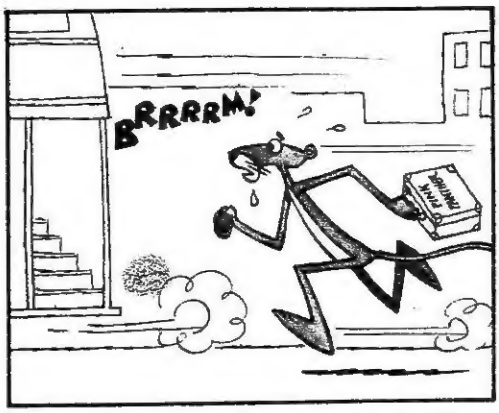
Catweazle begins a Christmas adventure next week.

PINK PANTHER









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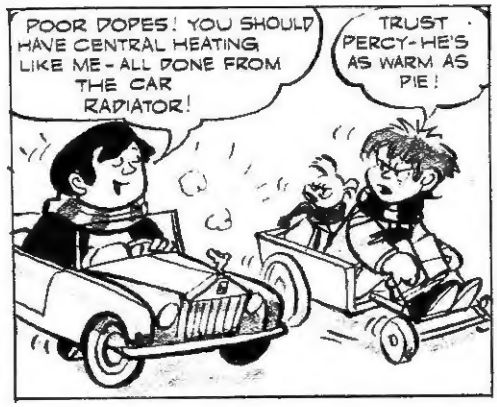
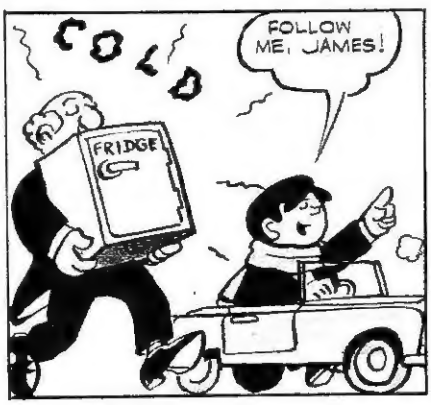
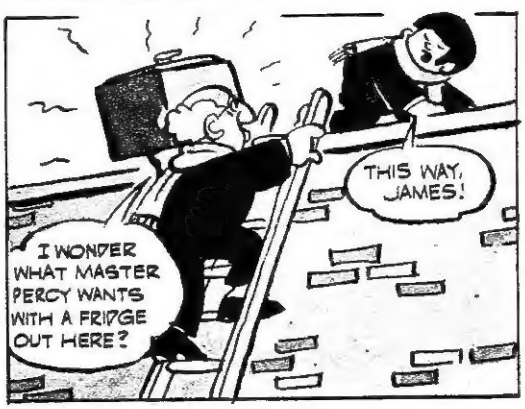
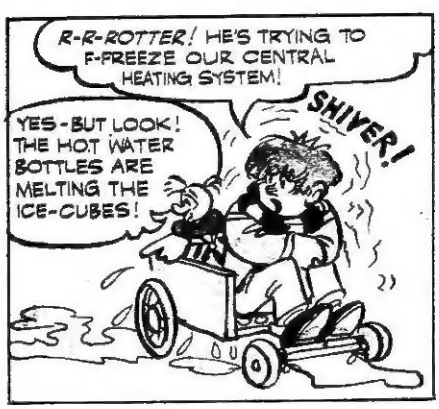
Pink Panther has a ' barberous ' time next week as a hairdresser.

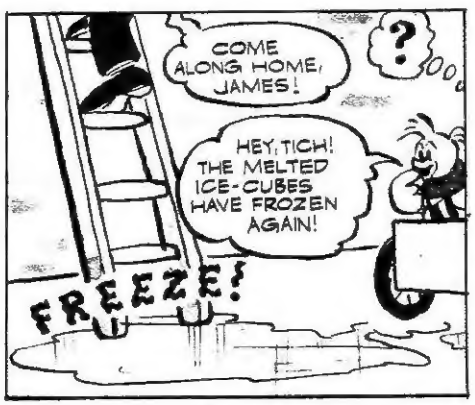
Tich and Quackers

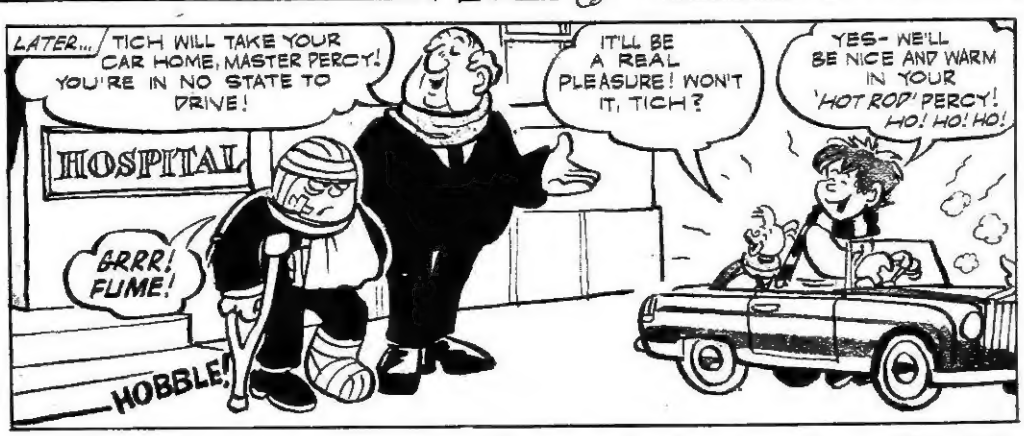







R-R-ROTTER! HE'S TRYING TO F-FREEZE OUR CENTRAL HEATING SYSTEM!
YES - BUT LOOK! THE HOT WATER BOTTLES ARE MELTING THE ICE-CUBES!
SHIVER!




LATER...
TICH WILL TAKE YOUR CAR HOME, MASTER PERCY! YOU'RE IN NO STATE TO DRIVE!
IT'LL BE A REAL PLEASURE! WON'T IT, TICH?
YES - WE'LL BE NICE AND WARM IN YOUR 'HOT ROD' PERCY! HO! HO! HO!
HOSPITAL
GRRR! FUME!
HOBBLE!

© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

Tich has budgie trouble next week.

TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head

GAWSH! YOU DO LOOK A SIGHT IN THE MORNINGS, COUSIN! HAW! HAW!
FEEBLE TAP
YAWN
LOOK AT ME, KID - FRESH AS A DAIST' AND DO YUH KNOW THE SECRET?
YAWN
COME ON, COUSIN! AH'LL HAVE TO FIND NEW PANTS!
YOU'LL BE LUCKY!
AH TOUCH MA TOES TWENTY TIMES EVERY MORNING AFORE AH COMES DOWN FER GRUB!
YAWN
OH DEAR! THAT'S TORN IT! EDWARD'S RIPPED HIS TROUSERS! WE'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER PAIR BIG ENOUGH TO FIT HIM!
??
RIP!
AND SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK PLUS FOURS WERE MEAN'T TO BE WORN THAT WAY! SIGH!
IAN WILSON
IF I MIGHT OFFER AN OPINON, I WOULD SAY THERE'S NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE FROM THAT KILT AND THE TOWEL!
I HEARTILY AGREE!
THAT'S THE LARGEST WE HAVE, SIR!
I TOLD YOU, EDWARD!
I THINK YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BECOME USED TO WEARING A TOWEL, COUSIN!
THINGS LIKE THIS DON'T HAPPEN IN TEXAS!
GOSH! THERE'S HOPE YET, EDWARD! LOOK WHAT I SEE!
BLOGG'S CIRCUS
OPEN NOW FOR THE SEASON
★★★★
MILLINGTON PARK
THERE'S OUR ANSWER, EDWARD! COME - WE'RE GOING TO THE CIRCUS!
CIRCUS? BUT HOW'S THAT GOING TO FIND ME SOME NEW PANTS?
YES, I THINK I COULD SELL YOU A SPARE PAIR, SIR! I COULD DO WITH THE LOLLY!
AH DON'T BELIEVE IT! THAT FELLAH'S BIGGER THAN ME!
SPLENDID! SPLENDID!
IN
LOU LONGFELLOW STILTWALKER SUPREME
THE SHAME OF IT! THE FIRST TIME IN MA LIFE THAT AH'S HAD TO HAVE PANTS SHORTENED FOR ME!
POOR EDWARD! HE'LL NEVER GET OVER THIS!
FRANK McDIARMID

Next week, Ted drops a brick on a building site.

BASIL BRUSH

CHUMMERS - AUNT EMILY IS COMING FOR A FEW DAYS! SHE WISHES ME TO MEETHER AT THE AIRPORT!

THAT OLD FUSSPOT!

WE SHOULD BE BACK BY EARLY EVENING, OLD PIP - I EXPECT YOU TO HAVE THE PLACE SPOTLESS BY THEN!

LEAVE IT TO ME, GUV!

THESE WALLS ARE FILTHY - I'D BETTER GIVE 'EM A WASH DOWN OR AUNT EMILY WILL START HER MOANING

HELP! HELP! IT'S SNOWING!

SNOWFLAKES, ME FOOT! THE PAINT'S PEELING OFF THE WALLS! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO WASH 'EM!

SHOULD'VE KNOWN - DON'T SNOW INDOORS!

ONLY ONE THING FOR IT NOW - I'LL HAVE TO PAINT THE WALLS BEFORE THE GUV COMES BACK!

CLOT! THE PAINT WILL NEVER DRY IN TIME!

LUMME! IT AIN'T DRYING VERY FAST! AND I CAN'T HAVE AUNTIE COMING 'OME TO WET PAINT!

LIKE I SAID!

THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK! THAT FAN WILL SOON 'AVE THE PAINT DRY!

WHIRR!

OOH! CLEVER!

YEOW! IF THAT MOUSIE TOUCHES THE PAINT, ALL CHUMMERS' GOOD WORK WILL BE WASTED!

HELP! HELP! WHO'S BASHING THE LADDER?

BUMP!

POUNCE!

YERK!

GOT YUH!

YEEAAGH!

?!!

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

G-GULP! LOOK WHERE THE PAINT HAS LANDED...

AARGH! SWITCH THE FAN OFF, SOMEBODY! SWITCH IT OFF!

GULP! ANYTHING YOU SAY, BUTLER!

CLICK!

WHIRRR!

WHIRRR!

LATER...

SO, HERE WE ARE AT BRUSH MANOR AGAIN, BASIL - I TRUST IT'S A LOT CLEANER THAN IT WAS LAST TIME!

INDEED, AUNTIE! OLD CHUMMERS KEEPS THE PLACE SPOTLESS!

SPOTLESS ?

ER - IT'S - WELL - IT'S A LONG STORY, GUV! *GULP!*

YERK!

Basil has a cool reception on ski slopes next week.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

THE Zebras always look very neat and clean and well fed. They live in a big paddock surrounded by a fence. Visitors come up to this fence to look at them.

LOOK, DAD, THAT HORSE HAS GOT STRIPES ON!

SOMETIMES I WISH I WAS JUST PLAIN BROWN!

LOOK, DAD, THE LITTLE HORSE HAS STRIPES TOO!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FOR YOUR MONEY, SPOTS AS WELL?

TAKE NO NOTICE DEAR, HE DOESN'T KNOW WHY WE HAVE STRIPES!

WHY DO WE HAVE STRIPES, MA?

IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH CAMOUFLAGE, I THINK!

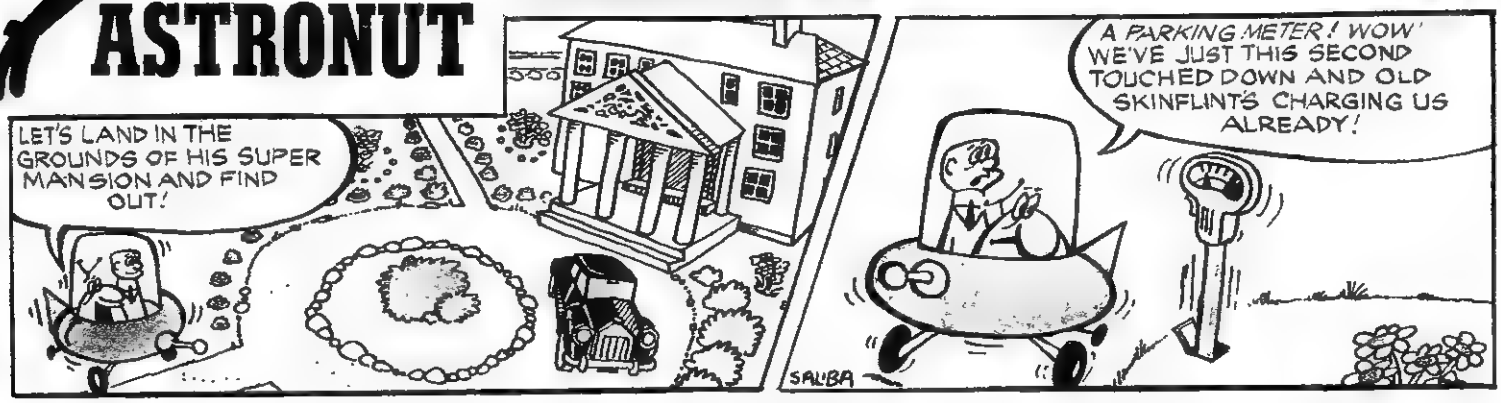
WHAT'S CAMOUFLAGE, MA?

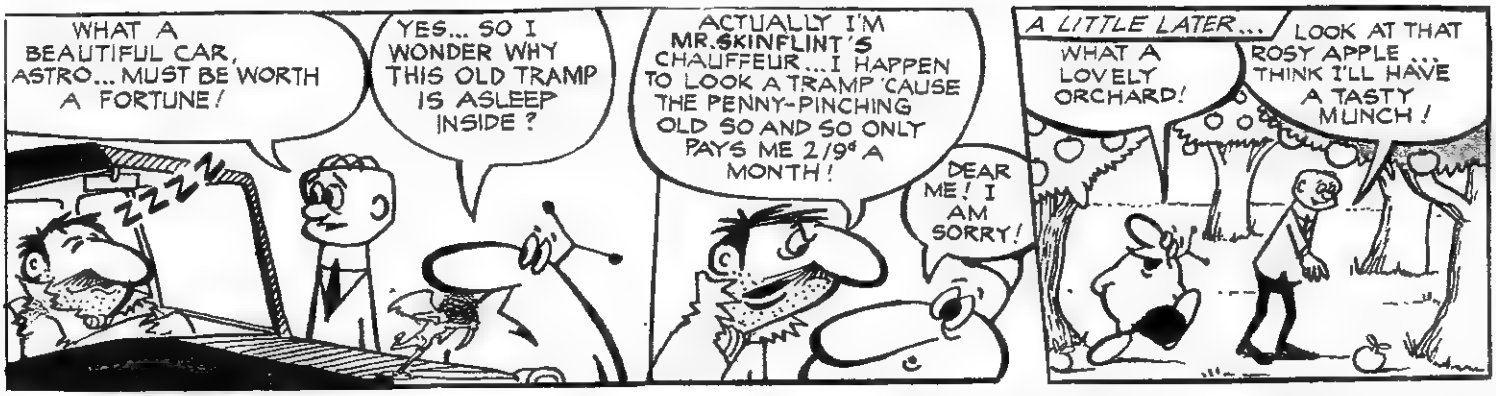
IT'S NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE SOMETHING THAT'S THERE!

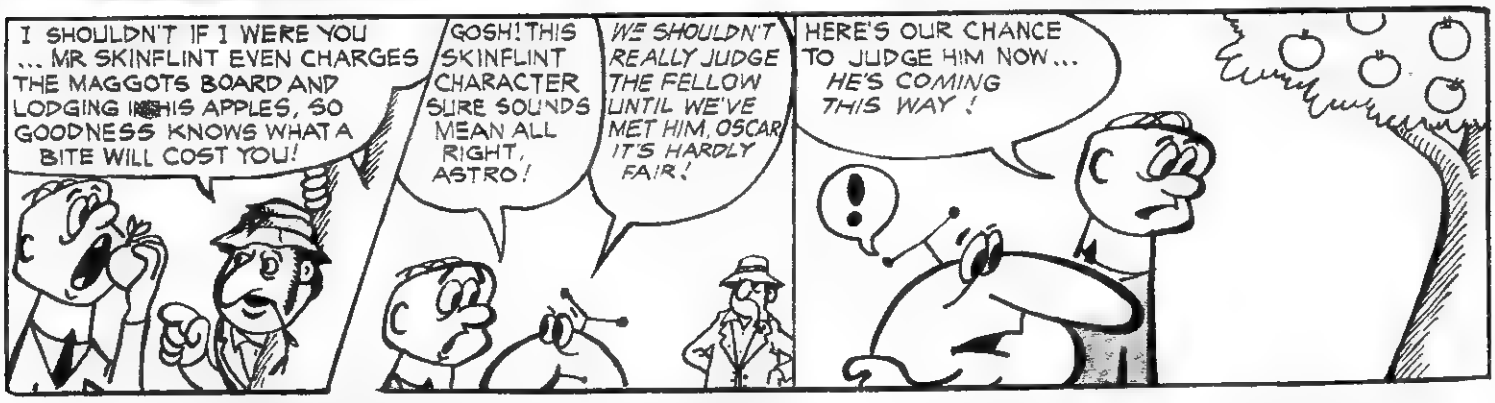
YOU'VE MADE ME ALL MIXED UP NOW, MA. I CAN SEE YOU PERFECTLY!

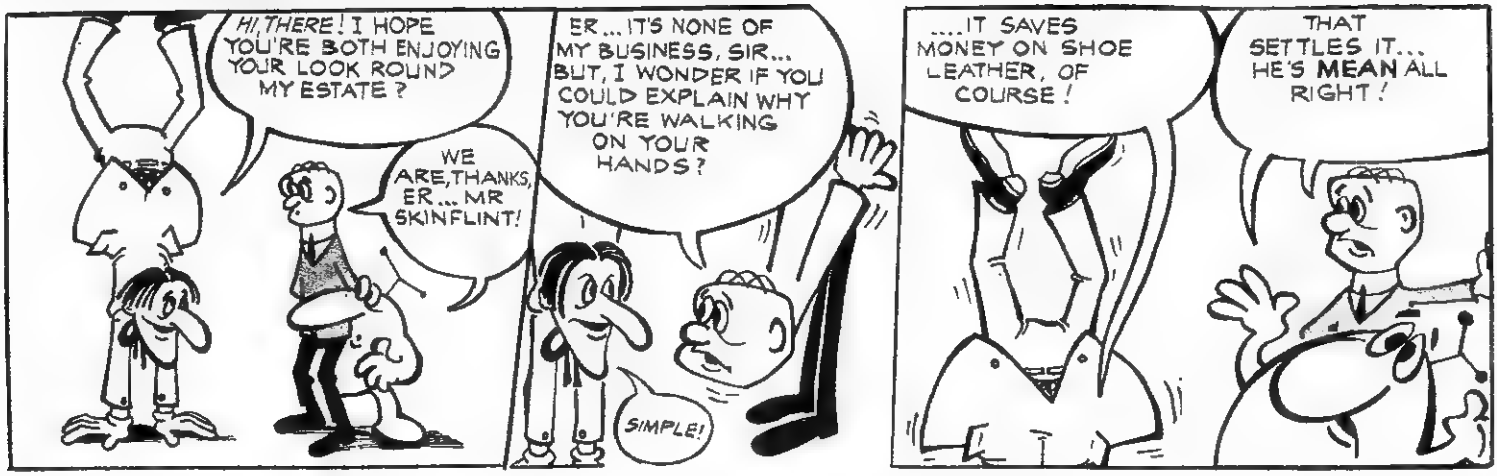
Johnny Morris tells you about Otters next week.

ASTRONUT


LET'S LAND IN THE GROUNDS OF HIS SUPER MANSION AND FIND OUT!
A PARKING METER! WOW! WE'VE JUST THIS SECOND TOUCHED DOWN AND OLD SKINFLINT'S CHARGING US ALREADY!
SALBA


WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CAR, ASTRO... MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!
YES... SO I WONDER WHY THIS OLD TRAMP IS ASLEEP INSIDE?
ACTUALLY I'M MR. SKINFLINT'S CHAUFFEUR... I HAPPEN TO LOOK A TRAMP 'CAUSE THE PENNY-PINCHING OLD SO AND SO ONLY PAYS ME 2/9d A MONTH!
DEAR ME! I AM SORRY!
A LITTLE LATER...
WHAT A LOVELY ORCHARD!
LOOK AT THAT ROSY APPLE... THINK I'LL HAVE A TASTY MUNCH!


I SHOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU ... MR SKINFLINT EVEN CHARGES THE MAGGOTS BOARD AND LODGING IN HIS APPLES, SO GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT A BITE WILL COST YOU!
GOSH! THIS SKINFLINT CHARACTER SURE SOUNDS MEAN ALL RIGHT, ASTRO!
WE SHOULDN'T REALLY JUDGE THE FELLOW UNTIL WE'VE MET HIM, OSCAR! IT'S HARDLY FAIR!
HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO JUDGE HIM NOW... HE'S COMING THIS WAY!


HI, THERE! I HOPE YOU'RE BOTH ENJOYING YOUR LOOK ROUND MY ESTATE?
WE ARE, THANKS, ER... MR SKINFLINT!
ER... IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, SIR... BUT, I WONDER IF YOU COULD EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE WALKING ON YOUR HANDS?
SIMPLE!
....IT SAVES MONEY ON SHOE LEATHER, OF COURSE!
THAT SETTLES IT... HE'S MEAN ALL RIGHT!

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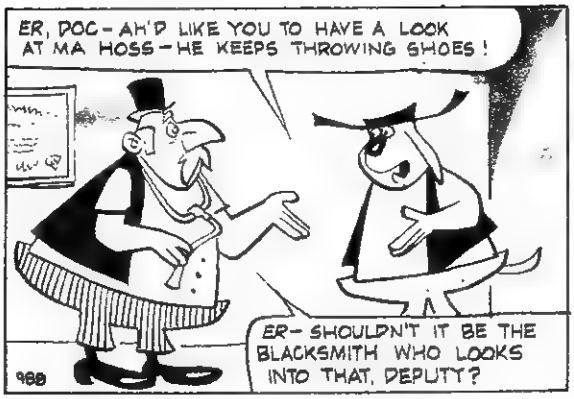
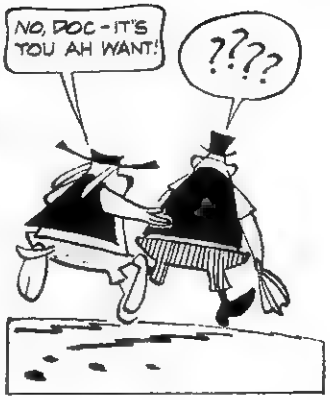
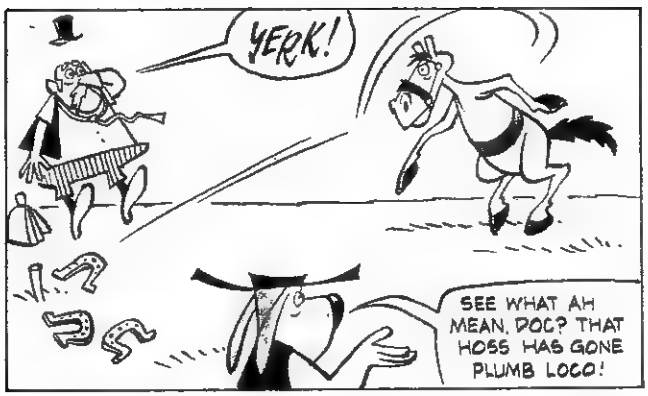
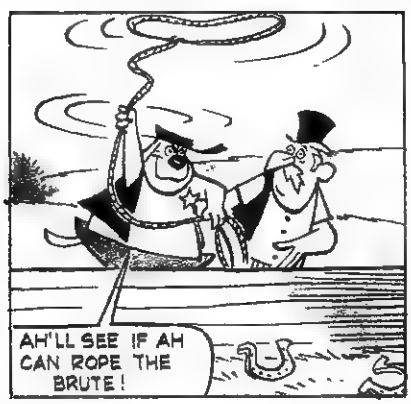
Next week, join Astro and Oscar in a space shower.

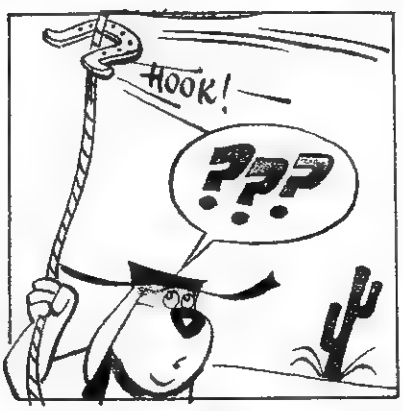
Deputy Dawg

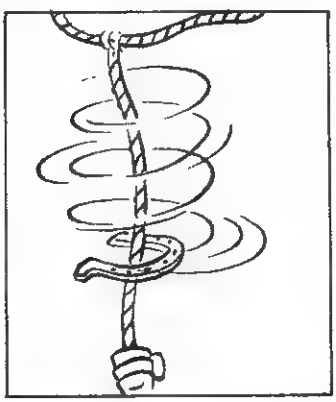

ER, DOC - AH'D LIKE YOU TO HAVE A LOOK AT MA HOSS - HE KEEPS THROWING SHOES!
ER - SHOULDN'T IT BE THE BLACKSMITH WHO LOOKS INTO THAT, DEPUTY?
988

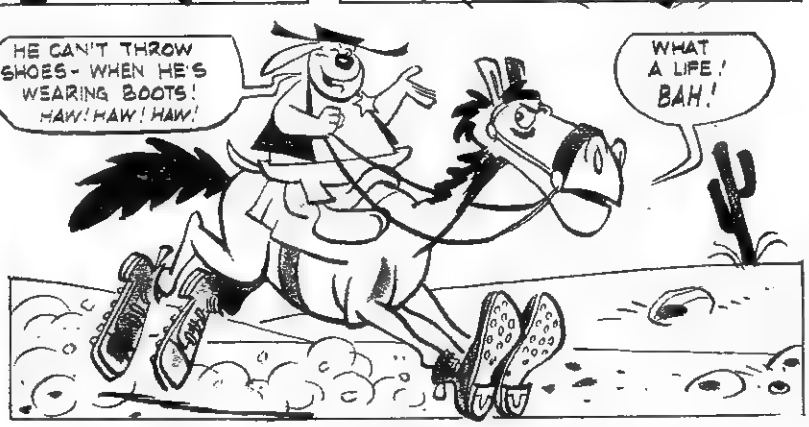












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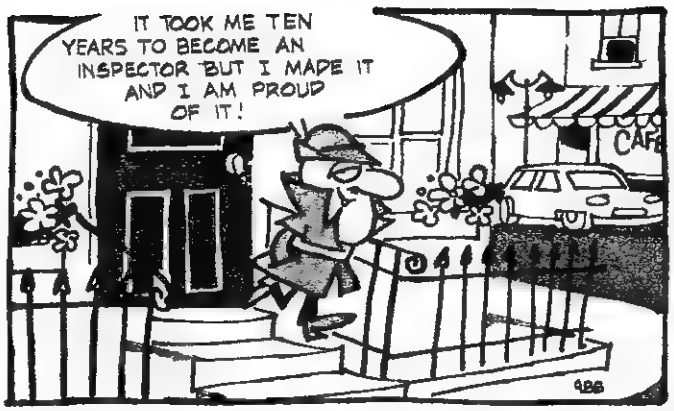
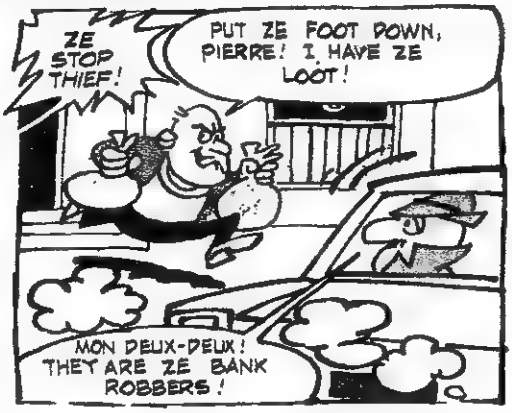
More fun with our daft Deputy next week.

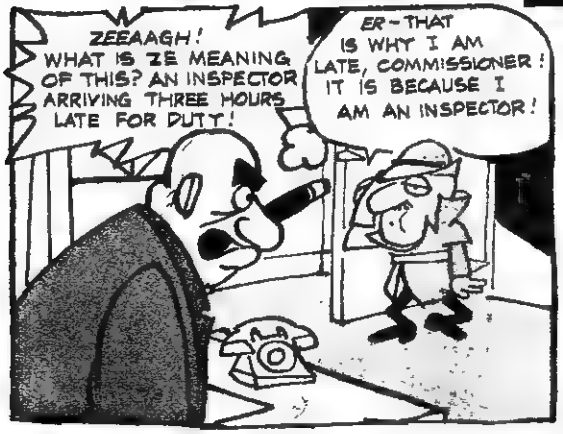
The INSPECTOR



PARDON ME, MONSIEUR- BUT DO YOU REALISE THAT I AM AN INSPECTOR IN ZE FRENCH POLICE FORCE!
ZE COO! AN INSPECTOR, EH? THAT ZE DIFFERENT!



PARDON ME, MESSIEURS- BUT DO YOU REALISE THAT I AM AN INSPECTOR IN THE FRENCH POLICE!
ZE COO! A REAL INSPECTOR! A RICH INSPECTOR!


ZEEAAGH! WHAT IS ZE MEANING OF THIS? AN INSPECTOR ARRIVING THREE HOURS LATE FOR DUTY!
ER - THAT IS WHY I AM LATE, COMMISSIONER! IT IS BECAUSE I AM AN INSPECTOR!

© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964

French type fun with ze Inspector next week.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
POSH PUSS
TCH! THIS DISTRICT'S GETTING WORSE! THEY LET ANYONE LIVE HERE THESE DAY'S!
A CAT OF MY BREEDING SHOULD LIVE IN A PLACE BECOMING HIS POSITION! I FEAR I SHALL HAVE TO SHIFT HOME!
GWOSH! SYLWESTER'S MOVING! I CAN'T BEWIEVE MY WEYES!
BEAUTIFUL! A NICE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT! AND A FINE WALL FROM WHICH TO SKERROWL AT NIGHTS!
I SAY, YOU CAN'T SQUAT THERE! PLEASE MOVE?
BLOW ME DOWN, IF IT ISN'T A REAL TOFF CAT!
SIR, I HAVE MIXED WITH ALL THE TOP CATS! SO HOPPIT, BUSTER!
CYNTHA, THERE IS A MOST HORRIBLE FELLOW OUTSIDE! WE MUST SEND HIM AWAY!
LEAVE HIM TO ME, SIR!
NOW THEN, FELLER - I THOUGHT MY BOSS TOLD YOU TO MOVE ON? WHY HAVEN'T YOU?
WELL, SIR - I - ER - WAS WAITING FOR A BUS! G-GULP!
NOW I KNOW YOU'RE FIBBING, FRIEND! THERE ARE NO BUSES HERE - EVERYBODY USES TAXIS!
ER- PERHAPS YOU COULD CALL ONE FOR ME!
TA -
-AX!
HEH-HEH! I CAN'T AFFORD A TAXI! SO I'LL MAKE SURE THIS BUTLER CAN'T CATCH ME!
DID YOU CALL, SIR?
IT WASN'T FOR ME - BUT I'LL TAKE IT! I'M IN NO FIT STATE TO RUN! OOH!
ANOTHER PASSENGER? THIS'LL COST YOU DOUBLE, SIR!
BIFF
BASH!
WHAM!
KAPOW!
CWOO, SWUMONE'S GWETTING THWUMPED IN THAT CWAB!
HELP! UNHAND ME, SIR! OWCH! OOH!
TCH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS DISTRICT IS COMING TO, JUST LOOK AT THAT MOTHEATEN OLD MOGGY!
I KNEW IT WAS TWOO GWOOP TO BE TWOO! HE'S BACK!

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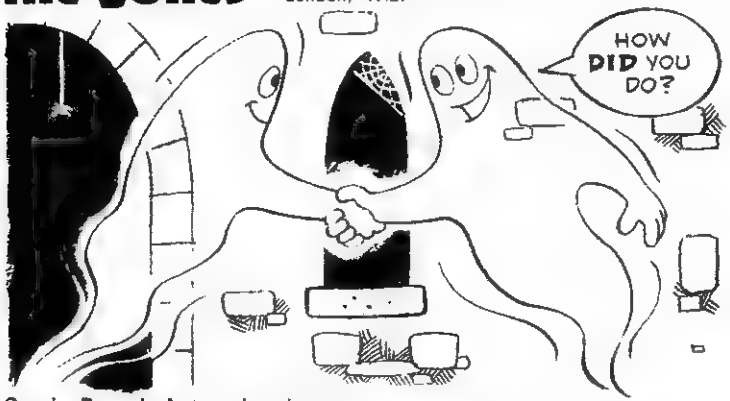
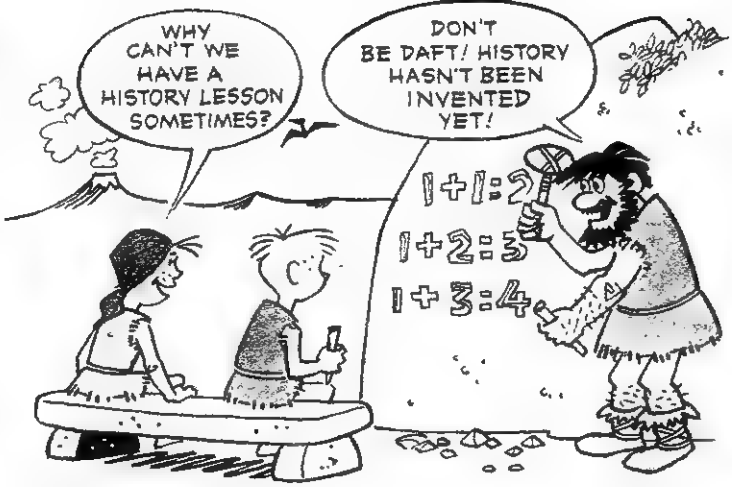
Bugs and Co. are back next week.

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 382/386 Edgware Road, London, W.2.



Carole Pound, Acton, London.



S. Birch, Blackpool, Lancs.

W. Litherland, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

Sally Brittain, Hatfield, Herts.

1,000 tickets to be won!

(2 per winner) to a sensational new ice spectacular.

Tom Arnold Presentations Ltd present . . .

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

.....

Signature ..... (Parent/Guardian)

Jack and the Beanstalk

Directed and Produced by Gerald Palmer

at the EMPIRE POOL LUXURY INDOOR ARENA, WEMBLEY, on one of the following dates: December 21st-22nd and 31st, 1970; January 12th-13th, 1971.

TO ENTER, colour this picture of Jack and the Beanstalk with paints or crayons and send it to this address:

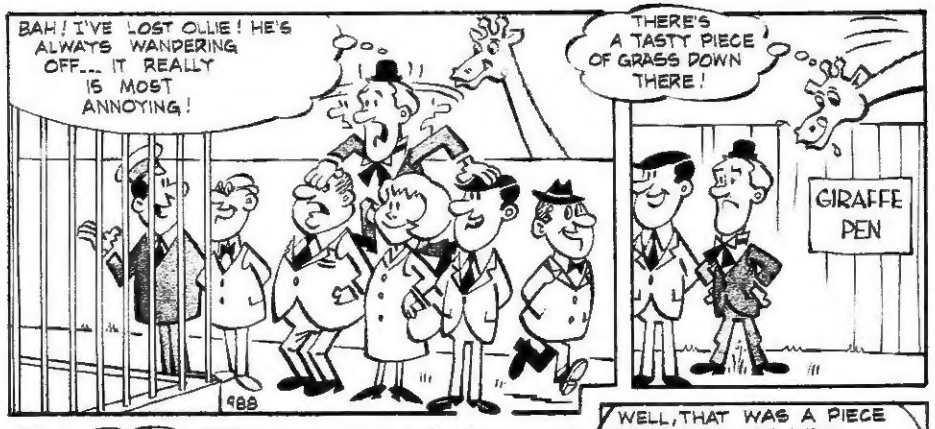
Painting Competition,
Polly Perkins House,
Paddington Green,
382-386 Edgware Road,
London, W.2.

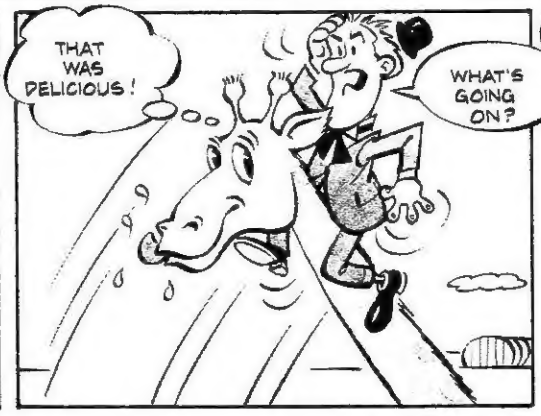
IMPORTANT: Your parent or guardian must sign your entry saying he or she will accompany you if you are successful in winning tickets. The Editor's decision is final and we regret it will not be possible to change winners' tickets for another performance. All entries must be received by **Wednesday, 25th November, 1970.** Please state your name, age and address in block capitals in the space provided.

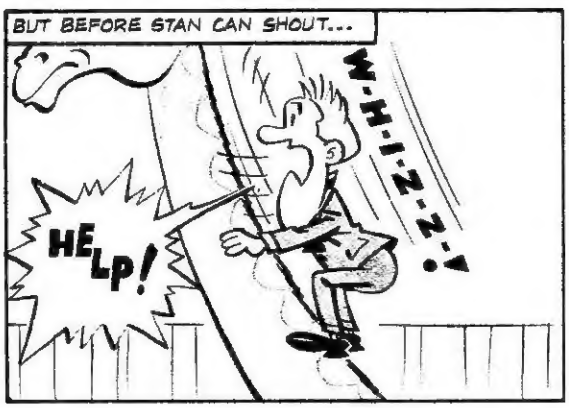
Larry Harmon's

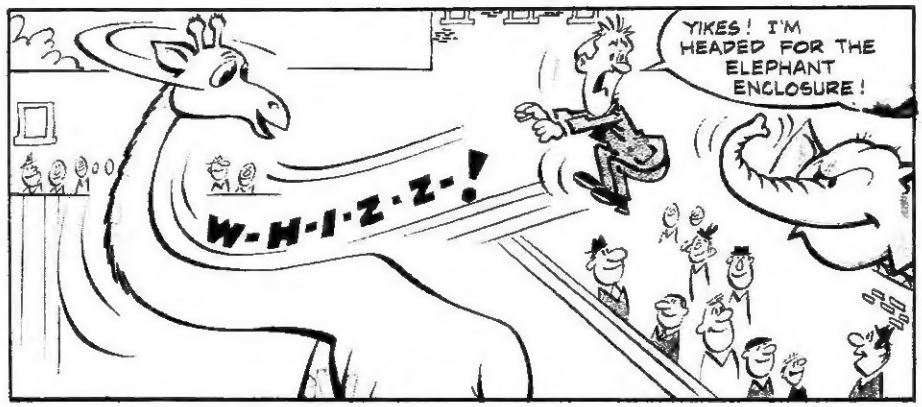
LAUREL & HARDY

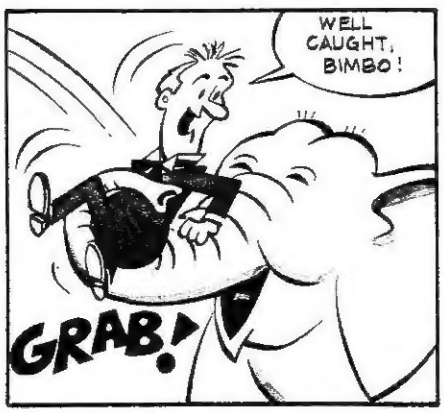
© 1970 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

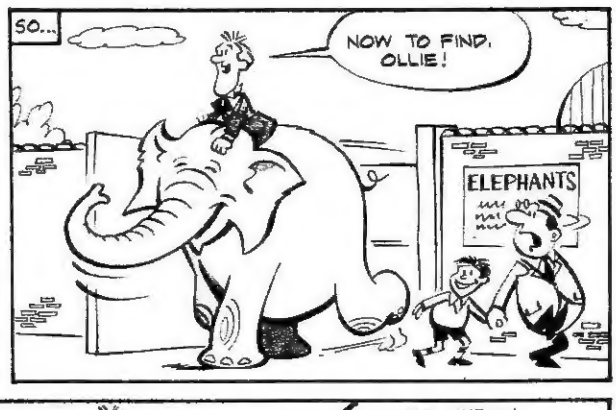

BAH! I'VE LOST OLLIE! HE'S ALWAYS WANDERING OFF... IT REALLY IS MOST ANNOYING!
THERE'S A TASTY PIECE OF GRASS DOWN THERE!
GIRAFFE PEN

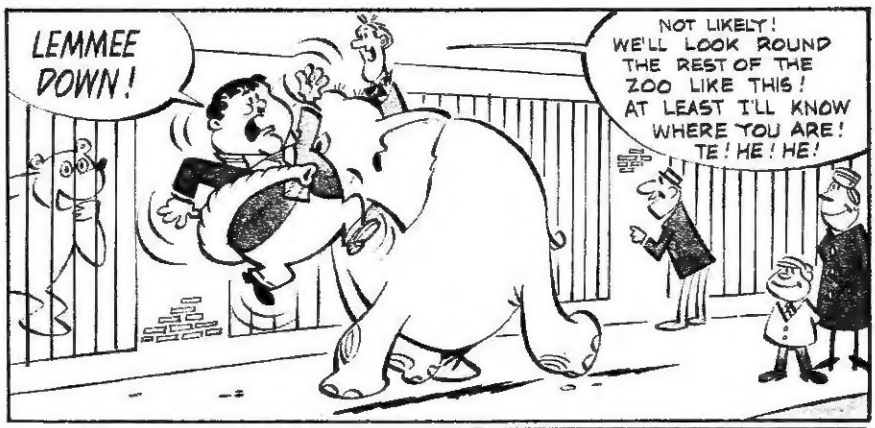












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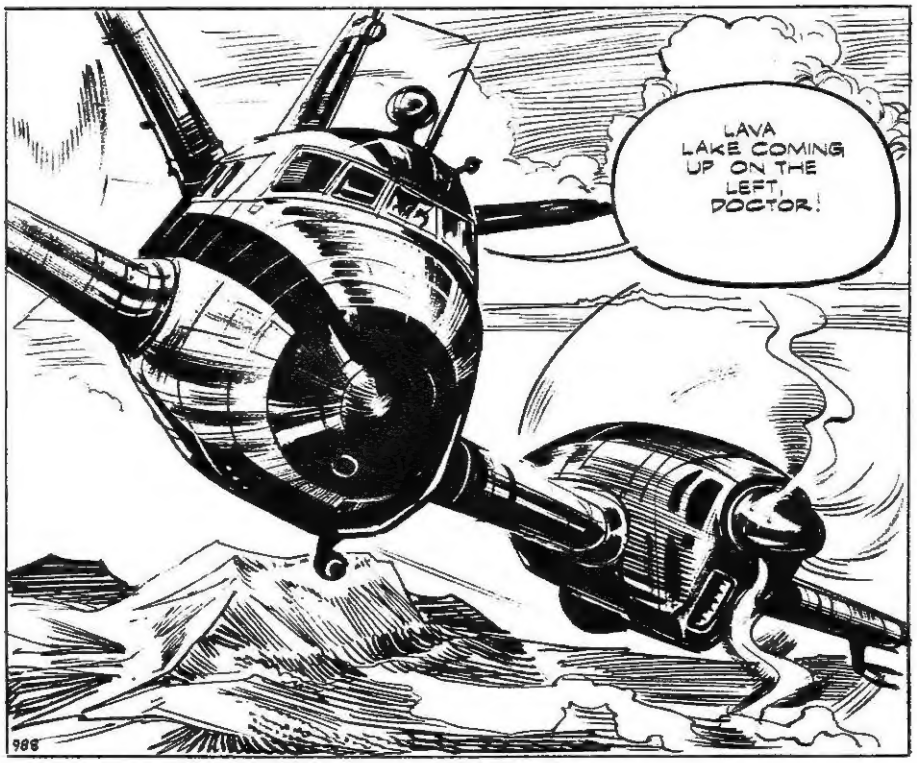
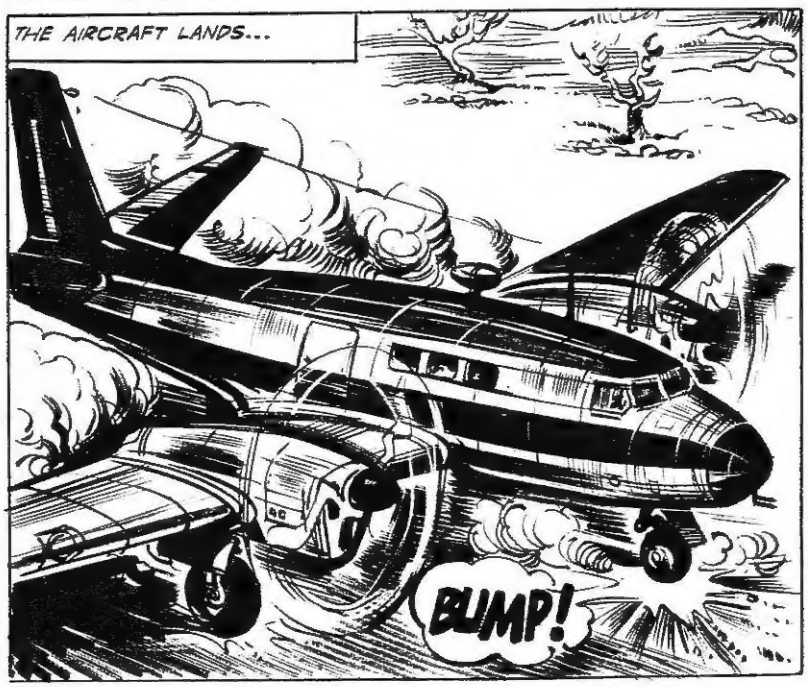
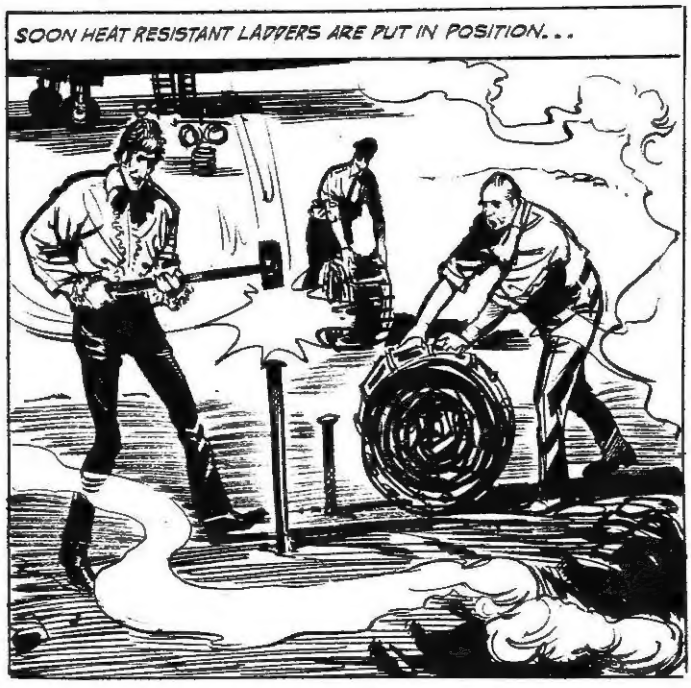
DOCTOR WHO

DR. Who discovers that an outbreak of volcanic eruptions is controlled by a mysterious force of fire creatures. So, with Tom Streeter he flies towards the great lava lake in Africa.



MEANWHILE, PROFESSOR VINTER, LEADING THE HOSTILE FIRE CREATURES, WATCHES FROM THE GROUND...
HERE THEY COME! FIRST WE WILL DESTROY THEM AND THEN WE CAN CONTINUE THE EARTH'S CONQUEST WITHOUT FEAR!





© BBC tv 1970

AND THEN DR. WHO AND STREETER CLIMB INTO ASBESTOS SUITS...
RIGHT. WAIT HERE FOR US, PILOT. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET BENEATH THAT LAKE !
THE HEAT IS ALMOST UNBEARABLE...
SUDDENLY...
DOCTOR... LOOK... ON THAT LEDGE BELOW US!
A FIRE CREATURE IS WAITING ...
NEXT SECOND, HE HAS DISAPPEARED...
LOOK FOR A CRACK IN THE ROCK!
THEN...
THIS IS IT, TOM. WE'RE GOING IN... PREPARE FOR ANYTHING!

What fearful, fiery fate awaits Dr. Who ?

POPEYE
GENTLE GENTS
I'M TAKIN' OLIVE OUT!
YOU AIN'T. I AM!
STOP! STOP!
POW!
BAM!
I'LL NOT GO WITH EITHER OF YOU UNLESS YOU STOP BRAWLING AND SHAKE HANDS LIKE GENTLEMEN!
WE'D BETTER DO AS OLIVE SEZ!
YEEOW!
NO HARD FEELINGS, POPEYE! HAW! HAW! HAW!
SCRUNCH!
HE'S TOO BUSY HOLDIN' HIS OWN HAND TO WANT TO HOLD YOURS, OLIVE!
THAT WEREN'T FAIR. OUTTA THE WAY, OLIVE. I CAN STILL LICK HIM ONE HANDED!
YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING, POPEYE!
IF YOU ARE A TRUE GENTLEMAN, YOU'LL FORGIVE HIM, AND OFFER HIM YOUR OTHER HAND!
EEEARGH!
THE PLEASURE'S ALL MINE! HAW! HAW!
CRACK!
CRUMBLE!
HE LIKES HIMSELF MORE THAN YOU, OLIVE. LOOK HOW HE'S HUGGIN' HIMSELF!
GIMME STRENGTH!
CARRIER SERVICE
OOPS
J. SMITH
GLOOP! GLOP! GLOP!
OKAY, YAH BIG GALOOT. I'M GONNA TAKE YER APART NO HANDED. PUT UP YOR DOOKS!
I'LL TREAT HIM LIKE A LITTLE FURRY BUNNY, OLIVE.
IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL BRUTUS. NO ROUGH STUFF OR I WON'T SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!
I'LL JUST GIVE HIM A RABBIT PUNCH!
ZAP!
OOAHOO! MY WRIST IS BUSTED! I MUST FIND A DOCTOR!
I KNOW IT AIN'T GENTLEMANLY TO SCRATCH IN PUBLIC, OLIVE, BUT SOMETHING JEST TICKLED MY NECK!
HUH. HE'LL NEVER MAKE A GENTLEMAN, OLIVE. HE MIGHT BE ALL RIGHT IN A TIGHT SQUEEZE, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE CRUNCH, I'M YOR MAN!
YOU ARE THAT, POPEYE!

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Socks only for bootless Popeye next week.